



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out."—Job xxix. 12, 16.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

IN order to avoid mistakes in respect to our letters, received by mail, we earnestly request that hereafter all letters on business of the Society may be addressed thus:

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No. 29 East 29th Street,
Box 4740. NEW YORK.

Please be particular to place the above box number on all letters.

For Terms, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE DARK HOUR.

Dear E.,—I had such a treat last evening! a lecture upon "Washington City during the Rebellion," by the Rev. Clement M. Butler. He is a gentleman of rare intellectual powers and great versatility, and for two hours kept us in rapt attention. From his long sojourn in the capital, and his contact with our government machinery, he has had every opportunity to notice the complicated workings which have resulted in the late explosion. It was delightful to see with what indignation he regarded the subtle attempts to undermine this great republic and most cheering and inspiring was his confidence in the restoration of the Union, and the triumph of our free institutions upon a firmer basis than ever.

I wish I could give you such an analysis of his lecture as I want you to have. I venture to send such a skeleton as my memory enables me to put together, bare bones it may be, but it will give you a faint idea of the living whole.

Mr. Butler agrees with the prevalent idea that for years past mischief has been brewing in the Southern mind. That the plan of the conspirators was to engender hate against the North—to get the preponderance in the Senate and in the House, to seize upon the arsenals and forts, to take possession of the capital (when a suitable opportunity presented,) and then to establish the imperial rule that has long been the dream of the romancists of the South. He spoke with obvious wrath of the treasonable sentiments that have had expression in Congress, and that escaped members and senators at private entertainments, when abundant refreshment rendered them unwary. He described his own feelings, as the conviction forced itself upon him, that he was indeed surrounded by traitors, and that their low mutterings were portentous of a crashing storm which might break with violence upon innocent heads.

There were rumors of secret emissaries mingling among the people, members of the famous "Black Horse Cavalry" were known to be spying out the city, and the vague terror of an impending crisis pervaded loyal hearts. No man was confident of his neighbor, and all true citizens felt the danger and insecurity, which those afar from the locality have sometimes sneered at as the illusion of timorous minds. There were earnest yearnings for the coming of Union troops, and above all, for some leader to stand forth in his majesty, and quell the rising evil.

Mr. Butler believed that the city would have been taken, but for the providence of God working through the moral nature of men, and causing them, like Macbeth, to shrink at last from the very opportunity they had sought. The arrival of the Pennsylvania regiment, undisciplined, ununiformed, unarmed, so utterly inadequate to the emergency, their filing slowly into the White House; the remark of some that "they would never come out alive," the morbid imagination that transformed the marble pile into a vast mausoleum, the sadness of the night, the apprehensions of the citizens. All

this was most vividly depicted by the speaker, and impressed us as a present reality.

Then the coming of the Massachusetts corps, stalwart, stern, determined, their bloody baptism fresh upon them; the presence of the New York Seventh, bringing confidence to the Unionists, the sweet fraternity of the two regiments, whose hearts were one in the cause espoused; the strange scenes in the halls of Congress, where the Yankee boys sought out the desks of the arch rascals, to write loyal letters upon, and cracked their jokes at the expense of the Southern autocrats and traitors. These formed a rich sketch in the hands of our versatile lecturer. At one moment the audience would be convulsed with laughter at some humorous presentation, and anon a pathetic picture would draw tears from every eye. He spoke of the agency of Chaplain Dodge in preventing the destruction of Alexandria—how he hushed the murder of the gallant Ellsworth, until the troops were gathered on the boat, and it was hauled off into the stream, lest, in the excitement of a wrathful moment, and in the thirst for revenge, the regiment should vent its rage upon the offending town. Many a mother's heart beat in sympathy for the bereaved, as the speaker portrayed the young soldier lying silently upon his bier, his fair bosom pierced with the deadly ball, his face wearing the peaceful expression that mothers love to see in their boys, and to dwell upon, and the sweet white flowers spread over him by Mrs. Lincoln.

Mr. Butler described the Bull Run panic, the straggling in of the dispersed troops, the meagre remnant of the splendid Rhode Island Battery, the absence of all order or command, the missing faces, never more to fill the ranks of a gathered corps. He said, he could not have believed it possible for weary feet and exhausted frames to express such utter despondency. Scarcely a house in Washington but was open to receive the poor fellows as they tottered along, wan and drooping, caring nothing for proffered shelter, rejecting offered food, crav-

ing only rest, rest; dropping down anywhere, on the door-steps, on the ground, in the drizzling rain, anywhere, anywhere, for the sleep so sorely needed.

There was not much more in the lecture dear Ellie, that is, not much more of incident, but all that I have tried to tell you was clothed with such eloquence, and delivered with such naturalness and simplicity, that I could have watched the night out in listening. Above all, I delighted in the expression of his own feelings when he thought of the White House (to him the very embodiment of our solid institutions) as the prey of the rebels. His heart seemed to regard it as the ancient Jews did their holy, beautiful temple. Every stone was associated with the national glory and good, and the very idea of its desecration by a lawless mob was as death to his loyal soul. As for President Lincoln and Gen. McClellan, he believes them to be the very men for this terrible crisis.

I have kept you so long with the lecture, dear E—, that I have time for nothing more, except to say that our dear friend, from Fort Hamilton, came to sit with me awhile to-day. She is as deeply interested as ever in the soldiers, who go to her freely for aid and counsel. Her house is ever open to them, her table constantly supplied with stationery for their especial use, and her heart, as well as her hand, is occupied for them from morning till night. Let it not be long, dear E—, before you write to your affectionate

SISTER.

March 29, 1862.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE :

OR, WHAT ARE MOTHERS FOR ?

CHAPTER VII.

"HER ways are pleasant ways,
Upon the right-hand side,
And heavenly happy is that soul
Takes virtue for her guide,
True virtue, to herself the best reward."

MOTHER'S rewards were as simple and effective as her punishments. In fact, one was a counterpart of the other—correspondences they were in one comprehensive system of discipline. She did not compensate us for right conduct, enticing us with promise of pleasure, or returning an equivalent, as it were, for the self-denial and resolution required for strict obedience—she only rewarded. She taught us distinctly that happiness would follow in the wake of obedience, but never for a moment held up the idea that we must be good in order to be happy. She never bribed or hired us to comply with her wishes by any selfish consideration. She desired that we should ever make her wish our law, because it was suitable and right to do so, and would have us subject to her control, and to the commands of God from preference rather than compulsion. She always insisted upon it that a voluntary service was the only truly-acceptable one.

I was starting for school one pleasant June

morning rather earlier than usual, having some little project of pleasure with some of my school-mates on hand, when mother suddenly called to me, "Hattie, Hattie."

I was just closing the door, and impatient at any delay, with a quick, unpleasant gesture put my head back to hear what she wanted.

"I would like to have you go to the post-office before school," said she; "there's time enough."

"Oh, mother," I cried, fretfully, "that's too bad. Why can't I go after school just as well? I'm in such a hurry."

"I would rather you would go now," she replied; "there's plenty of time."

I went, but it was with a pout and a fling. I slammed the door, and walked down the street, planting every step on the pavement with a desperate, ill-natured tread, and scarcely think I recovered a decorous expression of countenance all the way. I met a gentleman of my acquaintance who looked at me rather inquisitively, and drew his own conclusions as I afterwards learned. Mother said to me, some time after this, when she was talking to me of the duty of controlling myself—my countenance as well as my spirit: "Mr. Holmes says he thinks Hattie has a very speaking face, and knows how to put a wonderfully-sour expression into it. I met her in the street one day when her countenance told a very unpleasant tale." I always laid this up in my heart against Mr. Holmes until I was old and wise enough to transfer my displeasure from him to myself, and to take the hint he had given; laying an embargo upon my features, that they should not convey to strangers the thoughts and feelings of the realm within.

It was a hot, sultry day, and my ill-humor did not serve to make the walk very agreeable. Besides, after I had stamped and pouted all the way down to the post-office, having got my letters, I bethought me to make better time home, so that the return trip was made on the run, and by the time I had reached the house, I was in a heated and most uncomfortable physical condition. This, added to my naughty temper, was sufficient to make me feel quite wretched, and my red face, with its unamiable expression, must have been quite hideous. The adversary had got complete possession of me, and my tongue was the ready medium for my wicked feelings.

"There's the old, hateful things," I said, as I flung down the letters on the table in the entry; the large mahogany dining-table which mother was at that moment engaged in polishing, with the old-fashioned wax and leather cushion.

Mother looked up in utter astonishment.

"Hattie!" she exclaimed, in a deprecating tone.

"I don't care," said I, in a perfect tempest of passion; "'tis awful hot, and I'm all of a sweat. I might just as well have gone after school—'tis real provoking." And I caught up my books and was hurrying off, without giving

a look at mother. I didn't want to meet her eye just then. Full well I knew the effect of one glance from her—it would have disarmed and subdued me, and I was not ready for that while the fiery waves of anger were rolling fiercely over my spirit.

"Good-by, Hattie," said she, as I rushed out of the door. "Be a good girl." It was what she invariably said to me whenever I left her, and while it was now uttered with the same placid tone as ever; I yet imagined there was a peculiar emphasis about it.

I made no reply, but shutting the door again with a bang, ran as fast as my feet could carry me toward school. But conscience was not to be put aside so, and would not let me proceed in peace. I knew how wickedly I had behaved, how I had grieved mother, and that she would be sad and unhappy all the forenoon because of my conduct. "Go back," said conscience, before I had fairly crossed the street; "Go back, and speak pleasantly to your mother." "I won't," said the naughty I; "she had no business to send me way down town before school." "She had good reasons, of course," remonstrated conscience; "your mother never makes you do a thing unless it's necessary." "I don't care," said I; "when I go home at noon will be time enough. I'll get all over my temper then." "Don't let your bad temper die of exhaustion," persisted conscience, (it was an idea borrowed from my mother's teachings,) "conquer it while it's alive and struggling." I turned—hesitated—turned back again. "Going to let Satan conquer?" asked conscience. "Let me alone, I'm in a hurry to go to school," I cried. "I sha'n't let you alone, I shall torment you all the forenoon," said conscience—'twill save time if you go right back now." "Oh, dear!" I exclaimed in desperation as I half-turned again toward the house. "Make haste," cried conscience, "before Satan gets another chance at you. Go home, and speak pleasantly to your mother, and begin all over new."

I rushed as though Apollyon and all his forces were at my heels. I opened the door behind which I had left mother at work, put my head inside and—laughed.

"Good-by, mother," said I, as good-naturedly as I had ever spoken. The pleasant voice and laugh must have been like a gleam of sunshine after a tempest. Mother looked up with more astonishment than before at the sudden transition. I held my face there just long enough for her to assure herself that right had triumphed, and to receive her quick, pleased smile, and then I vanished again. That time I got across the street, conscience smiling and approving all the way—and though I had lost my play with my school-mates, I never spent a happier forenoon in my life. Mother met me with a kiss when I got home. "It's pleasant to feel that we have fought and conquered, isn't it?" said she.

"It isn't very pleasant to do the fighting," I

answered, "but I like to get the victory anyhow."

"There would be no victory if there were no combat," said she, "and while we have these wicked hearts within, and Satan without pursuing us with such vigor, we shall have to fight. God can help us conquer, and I hope you will always be enabled to win as you did this morning, in the contest. A triumph like that will not only make you happy, but strong. Every such one will do you good—and me, too," she added, with a cheerful smile. "You don't know, perhaps, what a sad forenoon you saved me."

That day mother gave me, in commemoration of my conquest and victory, what she called a reward. It was something I had long desired to possess, and whenever I looked at the gift afterwards, I was always reminded of the circumstances I have related. So my possession had not only an intrinsic value, but a moral one, and was always preaching to me a short and impressive discourse on self-government and the joys of victory over sin.

Is it not thus that heaven comes at last as a reward to those, who "by patient continuance in well-doing," have sought "for glory, honor, and immortality?" It is not that we have earned it by a meritorious life, or self-denying services. It is a gift of love in recompense of faith and hope and earnest endeavors to please and serve our Heavenly Parent, who overlooking in His abundant mercy the multiplied transgressions of our wayward hearts, repented of and forsaken, and patiently granting us all along our way the aid of His almighty power and sweet, helpful Spirit, acknowledges at last the victory He has assisted us to gain by the crown of unending joy.

Such a glorious reward has my gentle, wise, patient, laborious mother for more than a score of years enjoyed. She has entered into her rest. Truly could we say of her, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Her influence is still living and potent. Though dead, her voice is often heard in tones of admonition and counsel; and the remembrance of her tranquil, heavenly spirit lingers like the fragrance of a sweet blossom, in the hearts and homes of those who knew her. Her last words to me abide still in my heart. As if written in lines of light they stand out before me on which side soever I turn. "Good-by, Hattie. Be a good girl." It was the exhortation she had daily administered for many, many years, and we both well knew its comprehensive import. To this, as her last admonition, she emphatically added: "Live for God."

H. R. B.

THE LIFE BOOK.

Write, mother, write!

A new unspotted book of life before thee,
Thine is the hand to trace upon its pages
The first few characters, to live in glory,
Or live in shame, through long, unending ages;
Write, mother, write!

Thy hand, though woman's, must not faint nor falter
The lot is on thee, nerve thee, then, with care;
A mother's tracery time may never alter;
Be its first impress, then, the breath of prayer.
Write, mother, write!

Write, father, write!

Take thee a pen plucked from an Eagle's pinion
And write immortal actions for thy son;
Teach him that man forgets man's high dominion,
Creeping on earth, leaving great deeds undone;

Write, father, write!

Leave on his life book a fond father's blessing,
To shield him 'mid temptation, toil and sin,
And he shall go to glory's field, possessing
Strength to contend, and confidence to win.

Write, father, write!

Write, sister, write!

Nay, shrink not, for a sister's love is holy;
Write words the angels whisper in thine ears,
No bud of sweet affection, how'er lowly,
But planted here will bloom in after years.

Write, sister, write!

Something to cheer him, his rough way pursuing,
For manhood's lot is sterner far than ours;
He may not pause, he must be up and doing,
Whilst thou sit idly, dreaming among flowers.

Write, sister, write!

Write, brother, write!

Strike a bold blow upon those kindred pages;
Write: Shoulder to shoulder, brother, we will go,
Heart linked to heart, though wild the conflict rages,
We will defy the battle and the foe.

Write, brother, write!

We, who have trodden boyhood's path together,
Beneath the summer's sun and winter's sky,
What matter if life brings us some foul weather,
We may be stronger than adversity.

Write, brother, write!

Fellow immortal, write!

One God reigns in the heavens—there is no other,
And all mankind are brethren—thus 'tis spoken,
And whoso aids a sorrowing, struggling brother,
By kindly word, or deed, or friendly token,
Shall win the favor of our Heavenly Father,
Who judges evil, and rewards the good,
And who hath linked the race of man together,
In one vast, universal brotherhood.

Fellow immortal, write!

Home Journal.

ADOPTING AN ORPHAN.

ONE Saturday morning, while Mary Reed was making her customary visits among the poor, she passed a little shanty close by the road-side, whence issued the sound of a child crying loudly, but apparently from grief rather than physical pain. Mary paused; suddenly the cries ceased for a moment, and a low, broken voice was heard, and then from the child again suppressed sobs. Mary knocked at the door; it was opened by a child of some seven years old. The traces of tears were visible on the child's damp cheeks and swollen eyes; her long golden curls fell disordered about her shoulders, and her voice trembled so that she could scarcely speak.

"What is the matter, dear child?" asked Mary.

"Oh, my mother is going to die!" sobbed the child.

Mary entered a small bed-room, where

lay a woman in the last stages of consumption. On her bed was a German Bible.

"He keepeth them in perfect peace who put their trust on Him," said Mary in German, taking, as she spoke, the invalid's hand.

"God has surely sent you here, as you can speak to me in my own tongue, before I die," said the woman.

"Are you dying?" asked Mary.

"Yes; only a few days more remain for me on earth."

"Are you afraid to die?" inquired Mary.

"No, not afraid. I trust in the Lamb of God; but, oh, my faith is weak! my poor little child, my Henrietta, penniless and friendless; where will she find a home?"

Mary soon gathered from the woman that she had come four years before to America. After remaining a year in New York they came to Chicago, where her husband died shortly after. The widow had toiled bravely for herself and only child, but grief and hard labor had thrown her into a consumption, in which she had lingered five months. Her money had been spent, her clothing and furniture pawned, and but for the kindness of a neighbor, a poor Irish washerwoman, she and her child might have starved. Mary, having learned these particulars, took her leave, promising to return in an hour or two, and encouraging the little girl to hope for the best. She went to the benevolent washerwoman and made some inquiries. The woman was loud in her eulogies of her afflicted neighbors, enlarging on their goodness and poverty, but modestly abstaining from mentioning her charities towards them. "Indeed," she said, in conclusion, "often, have I thought that I'd change places with the dear creature, sick as she is, for the sake of being such a good, holy woman—so well prepared to die."

Mary was not one of those who, having discovered a case of great necessity, go home and spend a day or two considering what course they had better take for relieving the misery they compassionate, leaving the sufferers meanwhile to suffer or die of despair. Mary decided quickly, and was careful not to overstep what in any case might be the bounds of prudence. She now hastened into an adjacent street, filled with shops, and having bought a basket, put into it some sugar, tea, oranges, and bread. She then stopped at a butcher's and bought a fowl and some beef, and having directed a boy to bring her some coal and kindling-wood, she returned to the widow's. Her busy hands soon made a fire and prepared some tea, while the broth was being made ready for the mother, and a piece of the meat for the half-famished child. Mary was a most skillful nurse, and she arranged the sick woman's bed in so comfortable a way, that for the time a visible change for the better appeared. The pain that had racked the poor woman's worn-out frame was alleviated for a few hours and she lay refreshed and strengthened, in whispered words thanking and blessing Mary. The little room now called for Mary's

attention. She restored it to unwonted order, and placed a little stand by the bed, the sole relic, besides the Bible, of former and happier days, and upon it the Bible, a few flowers in a glass, and the oranges she had brought. It was the middle of the afternoon before Mary departed, having promised to call the next day on her return from the mission school. She continued her visits to her new proteges for several days. The mother grew feebler, and it was evident she had not many days to live. Mary saw that the thoughts of leaving her child alone and friendless in the world, were filling her last hours with grief. She said to her, "Would you be willing to have me find a home for your little Henrietta? Can you trust me to find one, where she will be happy and under good influences?"

"Oh, my kind friend," said the widow, "if you will but promise to do this, I will die in peace. I can trust you with all I have—with my child."

Mary went to a friend of hers, Mrs. Captain Carroll. "Mrs. Carroll," she said, "I want you to adopt a little girl."

"Oh, Mary Reed, are you crazy?" cried Mrs. Carroll, lifting up her hands.

"Not at all, Mrs. Carroll, but there is a little girl—a widow's only child; the mother is dying, and I wish to make her last hours happy by finding another mother for her little girl."

"Oh, I can't think of such a thing, Mary," said Mrs. Carroll.

"Why, madam, who has a better opportunity? You are rich and childless. I have never seen any one better fitted to train up a child for happiness and usefulness than you. I really think it is your duty to take a child to adopt," said Mary.

"Oh, what would the Captain say. I'm sure he would never consent. Then, grandfather and grandmother, you know, I feel just as if they were my own parents, as I have always lived with them, and they wouldn't fancy the idea at all. Really, Mary you must find some one else."

Mary departed, but in a day or two called again. "Come, Mrs. Carroll," she said, "I am going to visit a sick friend, a poor person, and I wish you would come with me, and take one of your glasses of currant jelly for her." Mrs. Carroll, who was very benevolent, at once consented. "Have you found any one to adopt that child yet?" asked Mrs. Carroll.

"No; every one has some good excuse," replied Mary.

"Every one?" said Mrs. Carroll.

"Every one except one lady, Mrs. Captain Carroll," answered Mary smiling. "Oh, you are too bad to say that," said her friend.

Mary walked on silently until her companion resumed, "Well, Mary, what are you thinking about now? You have been in a brown study for ten minutes."

"I was thinking of this, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these,

ye have done it unto me.' If we feed, clothe, love, and shelter one poor child, Christ graciously receives it as done unto Himself." Before Mrs. Carroll could reply, they entered the German widow's little dwelling. Mrs. Carroll was so absorbed in thoughts, called up by Mary's last remark, that she did not think of its being the house of the child she desired her to take. After a while she began to notice the extreme beauty of little Henrietta, and the refinement and Christian humility, and patience under suffering, of the mother. She was finally startled by hearing the woman say, "And does the lady you spoke of still refuse to take my little girl?"

"Yes, she thinks she cannot," replied Mary.

"And have you found any other place?" she inquired.

"None; I have done my best," replied Mary.

"Oh, this is very hard! God help me to bear it. I have only a few days or hours to live, and I had hoped to see my little one provided for. God help thee, poor little Henrietta!" and as she said this, she turned away her face to hide her grief from those about her. Mrs. Carroll could no longer refuse; coming up to the bed, she said, "Take courage; I will help you. I am the lady asked to adopt your child; I cannot refuse it now. I will take her for my own, and love her as my own."

The woman clasped her thin hands, and whispered a prayer before she spoke, "With all my heart; I thank you, let the blessings of a dying mother follow you. Oh, you have made me happy indeed! Come here, my Henrietta, see how good God is. He is taking me from you, but He gives you another mother in this good lady. Love her, Henrietta, and obey her, and try all your life to be a blessing to her."

Mrs. Carroll took the child in her arms. The little creature bent over and kissed her mother, and then overcome by her excited feelings, turned away and hid her face on Mrs. Carroll's shoulder.

A few days after, the sick mother died, and Henrietta was taken from the grave to her new mother's home. Mrs. Carroll was about to leave town for a week, and as Mary was going to Mr. Lytton's, she begged her to take Henrietta there until her return, when she would take possession of her. She left money to provide an ample wardrobe for Henrietta, and when the child's wants had been attended to, she accompanied Mary to Mr. Lytton's.

MARY REED.

Missionary.

THE STRICKEN ONE.

"IN all points tempted like as we are."—HEB. iv. 15.

WHEN to the heart by sorrow broken
The words of Holy Writ are spoken
By friend's or pastor's voice,
Which bid thee take thy chastisement,
As by a Father's mercy sent,
And in thy grief rejoice.

Say, do the words which strike thine ear
Dull as a twice-told tale appear,
Or song of idle sound,
Said with the mouth, but not the heart,
By one who acts his formal part
In set, mechanic round?

O, think not of the earthly lips,
Whose heartless chill may half eclipse
The rays of Love Divine;
But gaze on Him, th' Eternal Son,
Who, having made thy griefs His own,
Will make His comfort thine.

Has death, with iron fingers cold,
Grasped in his unrelenting hold
The flower thou would'st have kept?
Remember, that by Lazarus' tomb,
Potent himself to unseal his doom,
'Tis written, "Jesus wept."

Have coward friends, in sorest need,
Left thee in loneliness to bleed,
And breast life's angry tide?
Thine be the vengeance Jesus took,
When Peter met his Master's look,
His Master thrice denied.

Or, falser yet, in friendship's guise
Hath treachery lured thy blinded eyes
Then plunged the poisoned blade?
O, think for whom that fraud was planned,
When Judas led the midnight band,
And with a kiss betrayed!

Or, is it love all unreturned,
Or e'en with wanton mockery spurned,
That turns thy soul to gall?
Remember on what hearts of stone,
That ne'er one grateful thought had known,
A Saviour's love could fall.

Whate'er the thorn that bows thee down,
There is a sharper in the crown
That hangs on Jesus' brow;
O, faithless heart, in Him confide,
By every human sorrow tried,
"In all things like as thou."

THE POWER OF A GREAT IDEA.

CAREY sitting upon his bench, in humble garb, drawing his "waxed ends" or pounding upon his lapstone, was a spectacle for angels to gaze at. He was a very indifferent workman, unable, it is said, to make two shoes alike, but God had put a great thought into his soul; and while he ponders this, he pays little heed to his manual toil. He wrought with his hands, but his mind was elsewhere, wandering to the uttermost parts of the earth. See that dingy map before him. Upon it are rudely traced the outlines of countries, which suggest to him not earthly kingdoms, but the dark empire of Satan. The "god of this world" is ruling there as usurper, while millions are trembling before him in abject fear. The humble "cobbler's" soul is stirred within him; for he reflects that the "uttermost parts" have been promised to Christ, and he longs to see Him possessed of His dominion, and the poor victims of delusion brought under His peaceful sway.

God has put these great thoughts into his heart, and so they work there like leaven, until his whole nature is pervaded and possessed by their influence. They already

control him, as by a kind of inspiration, and he burns with a sacred ardor to plunge into the midnight gloom, with the gospel torch in his hand. He casts away his apron and his awls, and henceforth he is an anointed one, ordained by Divine hands to a great work. At the farthest possible remove is he from a fanatic, or even an enthusiast; for in his palmiest days, when the world praised him, he called himself only a plodder; but he is a notable instance of the power of a great and good idea, put into the heart by the Author of all good. It made a genius of a plodder, a hero of a cobbler, an apostle of an ordinary pastor. When he came forth from his shop to the pulpit, to announce the thoughts that breathed, in words that burned, some wondered, some doubted, some opposed; but he was calmly conscious of the source of his inspiration, and he quietly left his cause with God, as he had plead it manfully. The few shillings which formed the feeble response to his appeal, were to his mind the beginning of great things. He lived to witness wonderful results.

Let us learn from this example the power of a great truth, taken up into the heart. Such a truth as that pertaining to the spread of the gospel, the conquest of the world to Christ. It is an inspiring, ennobling idea, that this world is to be subdued to Christ. And if, sixty years ago, the spirit of Carey was a becoming one, why not to-day? Very much indeed has been done since his time in invading the kingdom of Satan; but darkness yet broods over vast territories. We can yet look out into the deep gloom.

What enthusiasm fires the hearts of millions in our land, to suppress rebellion against a human government! To what sacrifices are men and women ready to submit in a cause involving so many precious interests? Shall the soldiers of Christ be less earnest to recover to Him an insurgent world?

Pray, Christian reader, that God would put into your heart the great idea of converting the world to Christ; and you will find it working out in your life beautiful and blessed results. It will stir up your soul to words and deeds that shall inspire other hearts, and you will not have lived in vain. How this idea, received into the English churches of Carey's day, awakened them to a new activity; how, in the days of the youthful Judson, it breathed a hallowed, inspiring influence over our American churches. We need a new baptism of the same spirit.—*Macedonian*.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THOUGHTS BEFORE MY GRATE.

I use a grate in my room, and I have observed that when the fire is low it must be managed carefully and judiciously not to extinguish it. If it is raked too much, it is sure to go out, if too much coal is put on, it meets the same fate; but if a little only is put on, and the fire is slightly raked, it will, in process of time, glow brightly, and then more coal may

be added, and it may be raked till the last ash drops into the pan.

As I was thus nursing my fire this morning, the thought occurred to me: It is just so with children, if they are burdened with instruction, they are injured by it; if we attack them without judgment and endeavor to remove every fault in a moment, we fail utterly. We need to be tender and wise, if we would accomplish our purpose. "Here a little and there a little," with constant watchfulness and loving, prayerful care, is the secret of success.

Parents and friends are troubled because children are not pattern children. They will sit with their elbows out at table, and insist on the privilege of occasionally putting the knife, instead of the fork, into the mouth; they will forget to brush their hair properly, and are in too great haste to pay due respect to soap in their morning ablutions. They will use slang phrases when they hear such phrases almost everywhere they go, and a thousand other undesirable things they will do which annoy nice, orderly mothers and sisters, but which are not immoral and which do not peril their eternal welfare. Constant fault-finding is most disastrous in its influence, it makes home disagreeable, and produces little good, while it irritates and discourages. Children have many imperfections incident to their childhood which they will drop of themselves as they grow older, and they have, too, an individuality of character, which forbids their all conforming to the same pattern. It is impossible to make children just what we should most like. Something will always be wanting. We are not ourselves all we could wish. I do not believe in the white-paper theory, I think every child comes into the world with all the coming man in miniature in him, and that all that can be done is to cultivate that which should be cultivated, and, so far as possible, subdue and eradicate the evil. We must be content with doing this, and not attempt to make our children over after a pattern we have set up for ourselves. This attempt will bring only annoyance and disappointment.

If we realize the individual nature of our children, and the peculiar temptations and faults of that nature, we should be more tender and less fretful in our reproofs, and much more successful in our domestic discipline. It is one of the great sorrows of childhood that it is so often misunderstood. How few of us there are who really know our children, we frequently injure them when we intend to benefit them, and hours of sadness not seldom follow some well-meant parental injudiciousness. The faults of our children, even their small faults, should be, if possible, corrected; but we must be careful, lest in attempting it, we make them discouraged or indifferent. "Who is sufficient for these things?" well may every mother exclaim when she looks upon the magnitude of the work before her, but let her not despair. "The husbandman waiteth for the precious

fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it," so, mother, wait patiently, prayerfully, trustingly, and expect not to-day what to-morrow's sun must ripen.

ANNA HOPE.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

A NEW RACE.

SLIPPED from the iron heel of despotism, a people is coming up before us, who have long dwelt in our land, of whom we know but little. Once in a while, we saw or heard of them making their way from bondage, but they were isolated cases, and had left the peculiarities of the past behind.

We have read tourists, who visited plantations, attended meetings among the slaves, etc. Sometimes looked into one of their cabins, and thought all was quite comfortable; this was under the polite control of the planter himself, and of course they saw and knew, what was permitted to be seen and known. But now, the "stampede" having begun at the right end, and as the benevolent Friend says, "Ole massa on he trabbels gone," we have the opportunity of knowing something of a people who have been buried alive, in the very heart of our country.

A kind Providence has allowed these discoveries to be made to verify the accounts of past witnesses to the degradation of Southern slavery. No restriction now rests upon premises, but plantations of hundreds of acres are open and free for inspection, and thousands of men, women and children, are seen just as they are, in ignorance and debasement, and as they have been from generation to generation. Comfort! it is a burlesque on humanity to say they have anything of the kind. And while we have read or listened to those careful and extensive investigations, made by competent and honest men, on the Port Royal plantations, we have started again and again, with the thought, Here is a new race of people. Truly it is a resurrection of mind; their first inquiry, almost, is for the spelling-book; to learn to read, their highest ambition. It is stated that upon an average, one on a plantation can read; and to make that attainment they have some peculiar secret among themselves. The women and children, are, in the damp and chilliness of winter, without shoes and very destitute of clothing, so that some were not fit to be seen. Their cabins are ten or twelve feet square, a window in some, in some cases a loft above, all sleep together on the floor; a stool, a table, and old broken crockery in a small quantity, furnish their little hut. Here in these places they have lived, plodding under the whip to their daily toil. There seems to be a prevailing impression on all their minds that this is the day of their deliverance, and no abuse of the Yankees, by their masters, has in the least injured their confidence in their Northern friends.

"We pray de Lord; He gib us signs
Dat some day we be free;
De Norf-wind tell it to de pines,
De wild duck to de sea."

We think we have some evidences of their industry, in the cotton which govern-

ment has taken, and the corn which now goes to feed the army there. In the midst of all these conflicts is a helpless people, rather anxious to know what Uncle Sam will do with them. They are anxious and willing to work under wages, they show great alacrity, and readiness; it was pleasing to see the groups of women making bags for the cotton, their fingers were nimble. Northern enterprise seems already to inspire them, and far and wide, as the news goes among the plantations in the interior, the crushed spirit of liberty is rising, and wonderful are their adventures in traveling at night, and lying by in the day, until they reach the desired haven, within our martial limits, to breathe the air of freedom. We welcome them beneath the stars and stripes, which wave to the hurrahs of liberty forever. The rights of all men are equal. Now, those who have so long labored in their benevolence for the emancipation of the slave, will have to continue in their plans and designs for the good of this people so helplessly cast upon our mercy. In a little while they will be fully adequate to their own exigencies. Our confidence is not in man alone, but in the God of Israel, who heard the groaning of the Hebrews in Egypt. The haughty Egyptian thought nothing great could come out of such a down-trodden people, and why should they not remain in bondage? But kings, priests and prophets, anointed by God, came of that very people, while the land they served is styled "the basest of kingdoms." This is God's time for "letting the people go," therefore let us be co-workers together with Him, in preparing their way before them by suitable and honest supervision.

While we pray for men in power and office, pious and good men must not leave the government in the hands of the wicked, because they are afraid of the effect of politics upon religion; this shrinking from duty has no doubt been one of the causes to bring us where we are. But take religion into politics. Then we may become a righteous nation, and be able in all points to hold up our head among the nations of the earth, without an obsequious cringing, beneath the brand of slavery. Y.

CHILDREN.

WHAT are children? A burden, a perplexity, reply hundreds of parents and guardians. Yes, children a burden! an unwelcome and wearisome burden! In ancient times the people talked of being *blessed* with children, but now all of this is changed; and many mourn that they have them, and others begrudge the care they are obliged to bestow upon them, and send them to school, or to any place almost, to get rid of them, to be free from their annoyance. Thank God, all are not of this spirit; but we have by far too many of them.

Children are really the chief blessing of life. A man's heart, and especially a

woman's, is never developed, cultured, or blessed in some of its richest elements, until it is touched by the love of children. It is a misfortune for any person to pass through life and not become a parent, after the order of God's appointment. A partial substitute can be obtained by becoming foster-parents to orphans, and bestowing upon them affection and care; and all persons who have no children of their own, should esteem it a privilege to gain the discipline, the experience, which the relation of foster-parents affords. There are fountains of life in our natures, there are mines of wealth in our hearts, which can never be opened in any way but by the love and care of *our* children. We never can gain the same harmony of soul, wealth of affection, depth of love, tenderness and ripe benevolence, in any other school. All the refinement of the schools, and experience of every grade of society, travel, study, reading, and observation, can never so perfect the heart as the duties and relations of parent. This world is dry, coarse, cold enough at best, but if it were not for the mollifying influence of children, it would be immensely worse. It is not every childless person who is cold and selfish, nor every parent that is kind and good. But that is no argument against the blessing of children. They may be a burden, but they are such an one as gives breadth and excellence to human hearts, and sheds sunshine into the spiritual life. Children are a blessing. May all have them, love them, be blessed by them, and bless them.—*Morning Star*.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

BY LEVINA ENGROVE.

"THE time of the singing of birds has come," the spring-time of the year, which every one of sound mind and body loves. One who is not cheered by the fresh breezes and musical sounds of spring, must be afflicted with some unhealthiness, spiritual or corporeal. Where there is a conscience void of offense, the soft balminess of a spring morning, seems, upon the cheek, like the breathing of affection. Heaven seems near, and the new creation of buds clothing the naked forests, will lift a mind, in the slightest degree thoughtful, up to nature's beneficent Father, the wonder-working God. Sweet Hope seems naturally now to dwell in the soul, and she should be caressed and encouraged to remain. We can make it almost the habit of our souls to be hopeful. It is getting a double portion out of life, to look on the bright side of things, for the determined seeker will scarcely fail to discover some brightness, although, at first, it may be but the silver thread on the rim of the cloud. A state of despondency should be avoided unceasingly, lest it establish itself as a habit in the soul. It is a weakness and should be vigorously resisted.

Away with such feelings among the living green of the new grass, and the odors of swelling buds and stems. How beautiful the variety

in the woods. On some trees the verdure is swinging in little pale green tassels from every twig-tip; on others, tiny leaves are in tufts, sharp-cut as spear-points, on others, great folded buds of rich brown shine as if varnished, to protect the tender germ within. In the garden the long row of crocuses are displaying their gold-colored caps, and the snow-drops their white stars, while the violets are almost ready in their celestial blue, to regale us with such fragrance as the violet only can breathe. The sun remains with us longer each day. He permits us to doff our most burdensome winter garments, and wrapped in the elastic shawl, (which is better than a dozen mantillas, mantelets, or what-nots, being not only more simple and thus prettier, but never getting out of fashion,) we may go forth to enjoy his warm rays, which permeate so deliciously to the very marrow of the bones. Does he not seem, poetically speaking, like a benignant father, to animal and vegetable life—to all the world? What warmth is like that of the glowing sun? How utterly different, as it touches us, from that which our own hands have kindled.

The seasons come and go, and what startling events crowd upon us—each day filling for history pages with wonders. Week follows week of victories, days follow days of action and success! This we write with as deep anguish, because of the horrors, but as we believe inevitable horrors of war, as the most enthusiastic member of the peace fraternity, (may the day of a righteous peace be hastened.) How the bulletins at the news-offices, and the placards in big letters, are gazed upon by hundreds, every heart throbbing with anxiety and interest. How we are all changed—as in the twinkling of an eye, the thoughts, the conversation, the reading, the pursuits of the whole people—how changed!

Blessed be God, every day is full of hope—our flag is triumphant almost daily in places where it had been dishonored, and with love and gratitude we may think and speak of our soldiers. Where, in all the world, could there be an army raised like our army to-day? Our soldiers are mostly from a class which must make the best warriors. They are laboring-men inured to hardship and toil, whose lives have been passed in the open air, or in such pursuits as require endurance, strength and will; while they have intelligence sufficient to act at all times with discretion, and to understand the objects for which they war. They can be readily used in any branch of the military service, and in camp or field, they are equal to any emergency. Often, as we read of them, (witness Newbern,) we feel that their conduct is beyond all praise—their coolness in manœuvring under the enemy's fire till their own time was fully come, when they evinced the ardor of veterans! Ah, they feel that they are with the sacred right, and this is an armor and a strength combined—they must be victors.

How glad we are of their bravery, and how

we rejoice with joy unspeakable at their self-restraint; when, in the flush of victory, as we read, the noble fellows were exhausted by abstinence and toil, yet they protected private property, and extinguished the flames which the flying rebels themselves had kindled. And these are they, who a little more than one year ago, had not the remotest thought of ever charging on the battle-field, here, in this land of peace and quietness, on this

"Chosen soil where sun and sky
Shed gentle favors."

But the cause is all worthy which has brought them forth from farms, and mines, and mechanisms, with their lives in their hands, to keep or lose, as the glorious cause of liberty shall require.

Marching on are events till the crowning one of all shall come—when our starry flag shall wave over a broad land, which shall be in reality, in nook and corner, in height and depth, in length and breadth, east and west, north and south, the land of the free. Hosanna in the highest.

Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

INFLUENCE AND USEFULNESS.

AUNT LEVINA TO THE CHILDREN.

WHAT a host—eighty thousand children at least, I suppose, are readers of the *Advocate*! Well may I feel it necessary to be careful what I write, and truly I mean to be so, and hope and pray that I may never write a line that shall not be for good to you all. Do not turn away from my article because I have taken two such hard words for a title. I can scarcely expect some of you to understand them fully; some will understand them readily, and I think I will make my meaning plain to all. The little girl who sent her offering to the Home, which offering was the avails of a cake made at my suggestion, (I wish I knew her name; but it is not of much consequence, now that I know she has done the good deed,) was influenced by me, in this case by my writing; and this it is which induces me to write an article purposely for you; for I wish you all to influence others for good, although you are children.

Every one, old or young, has more or less influence upon others in this world; a part of it is by writing, more of it is by speaking, and perhaps still more by example. I have not a doubt that the little girl's example, in making the cake and sending her silver quarter to the orphans, (the letter about it from her father was printed in the *Advocate*,) will influence many more to go and do likewise. This is good influence, and you will easily see, that there can be also bad influence over others. I beg of you to be careful in all your ways—in your love of the truth at all times

—in your obedience to parents, and in general docility, let your example be one which your brothers and sisters and schoolmates may safely follow. Even a younger sister may often influence an older brother, who may be in danger from some evil habit. The words of a little sister may do more to influence or persuade him to the right, than ever so much writing, or talking, or example from older persons.

There is one thing, however, which it is very important for you to notice; indeed, with this one thing, you are almost sure to succeed in your efforts, and without it, you are almost sure to fail. Now, always remember it, even when you are older, if you should attempt to influence or persuade any by writing, or speaking, this is at the bottom of the whole matter, you must have love in your heart, as your motive for doing what you do. If that is the reason why you do it, you will do it well and modestly. You can understand me in this way—if your brother feels that it is because of your real love for him that you speak to him of his wrong doing, he will at least listen to you, and be tender to you—but if you should just take it in your head, and not in your heart, to speak to him because you had heard some one make such a suggestion, or because you had read this which I write, you will certainly fail, and more, you will do harm, for your brother will but laugh at your forwardness and pertness, and be harder than ever; remember this always your life through, do whatever you do from real love, and then you will have influence for good, and usefulness will be quite sure to follow. Love is of God. "God is Love," as you read in the Bible.

Now, see what will follow the making of that one little cake—little, to us older persons who have made so many, but not little to the tiny hands that made it. Being influenced by what was written, she, trying to do a charitable action, has learned to make such a cake; so she is already partly rewarded, and now by sometimes making such a cake for her mother (for I trust it was good) she can be useful; and then all will re-act, and her mother will allow her once again in the course of the year, to make another cake to be cut in pieces and sold for silver to aid the destitute.

How beautifully good actions link and lock in with each other! You will always find it so, dear young readers, like a chain of pure gold that will never tarnish, whose links are perfectly formed and fitted, graceful and durable. Your lives might aptly be compared to a chain that is being formed—each day as one link added. See to it, at the close of each day, what kind of a link has been formed. Be not satisfied unless it is strong, and as beautiful as pure gold.

"PERHAPS I CAN HELP FATHER."

"PERHAPS I can help father," says little John, as he looks up into his mother's face. He has seen her sad, anxious look. He has

watched his father coming home from his daily toil with a careworn brow, and casting a troubled glance towards the cradle, where the twin babes are lying. He is sure that something is wrong; and looking up with pleading earnestness, as he stands by his mother's knee, he begs to know the truth, for perhaps *he* "can help father."

John is too young to give his father much assistance. The strength and wisdom of a seven-year old boy will not be able to combat vigorously with the world. But the mother's pleased, tender look, as she returns his glance, shows, that, young as he is, his affection, his sympathy have already been of use.

The youngest child may help his parents. Harry, Mary, when *your* father comes home, tired from his daily work, *your* kiss of love or sympathy may be as refreshing to his spirit as the dew to the flowers. You may not be able to bring a day's earnings in your hand, and add them to the family store; and yet your father's heart will bless you for your help. You may lighten your mother's cares. You may spring quickly to do her bidding. You may hold Willie—the babe—in your arms, and still his fretful crying while your mother is getting ready the noonday meal. You may come gently to your mother's side, as she is tired with the toil of the day, and may whisper in her ear, "Mother, I love you." Again, like the dew upon the flowers, shall your word or deed of kindness bring refreshment to your mother's heart.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," is the commandment to which God has annexed His especial promises. The child who is obedient and reverent in youth, shall have God's blessing in his maturer years. The child who is a grief to his parent's heart, may yet live to know a child's ingratitude to himself; and more than all shall bring down upon himself the displeasure of the Lord.

Do what you can to help your earthly parents. They deserve from you all kindness and love. Do what you can to help on the work of your Heavenly Parent. He has a work to be done in the world. Begin in your early days to love His service. There is a place for you. Find it. There is work for you. Do it.—*Sunday-school Banner.*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

SIGHTS THAT THE SUN HAS SEEN.

THE sun is an ancient traveler. Centuries upon centuries has he journeyed on in his never-ceasing course, looking down from his lofty eminence upon this world, penetrating into its every nook and crevice and seeing strange and wondrous sights.

Nearly six thousand years ago, "God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night." It was the fourth day of His creation. At His command the earth, with its rich carpeting of green, interwoven with bright-hued flowers, had appeared, and above it the bright blue

firmament of heaven. But as yet all was still and dark and cheerless, not one sound to break the awful silence that pervaded the new creation. But now, what a wonderful change! The newly-made sun, placed by the hand of the great Creator, in his appointed orbit, suddenly burst forth in all his dazzling splendor, illumining the hills and valleys, the mountains and plains beneath him, and looking down with wonder and delight upon the myriad beauties of the new earth. The trees upon the hill-sides waved their graceful branches, the beautiful flowers rejoicing in the flood of sunshine that was lavished upon them, lifted their pure heads, and showered on the passing breezes their thank-offerings of incense, and the birds, pluming their pinions for flight, skimmed joyously through the clear, ambient air, singing for very gladness.

But one voice more was needed to perfect that first hymn of thanksgiving. That voice was man's, and not long was it wanting. The sun looked down with wonder, as a glorious form, fashioned in the image of his Maker, appeared from the dust of the earth. Imposing must have been the sight when all the beasts of the forest came and owned allegiance to man as their master. The lordly elephant, with massive proportions and majestic tread was there, and by his side, in striking contrast the timid gazelle, whose gentle eyes seemed to plead for protection. The savage lion crouched humbly at his feet, and received his name. The birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, every created thing was brought to Adam and he named them. But as yet, there was not found a help-meet for man, a kindred mind, a spirit in unison with his, a sharer of his joys and perfect happiness.

But soon the mighty Creator, in His great love and care to provide for the happiness of man, gave him a companion, so fair and lovely that his stronger nature was instinctively drawn out to her as his second self, perfect in beauty and holiness. The sun in the fullness of his joy, sent down to earth his brightest rays and commissioned them to rest on the heads of the happy pair, like a celestial benediction.

A home was prepared for them, a garden eastward in the land of Eden, filled with everything that the wondrous love and infinite skill of the great Creator could devise for their comfort and happiness. A beautiful home it was, a majestic river, overshadowed by graceful willows, and whose banks were covered with greenest moss and brightest flowers, wended its way through the garden. There were winding paths, leading now into the deepest shade, then opening suddenly into a flood of light and sunshine, disclosing scenes of marvelous beauty. Trees of numberless kinds waved aloft their mighty branches, homes of the warbling bird and sportive squirrel. But the "Tree of the knowledge of good and evil," far surpassed all the others in the symmetry of its proportions and the freshness of its foliage.

It was also loaded with golden fruit, which hung in tempting clusters, that derived fresh beauty and richness from every sunbeam that was lavished upon them. Many a time had Adam and Eve paused in their wanderings to gaze upon them and had communed together of the Almighty command, "Of the Tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat." Hitherto they had humbly acquiesced, but now, the fatal day had come, which was about to involve the world in utter ruin.

It was the dawn of a new day. Eve had wandered forth alone to enjoy the freshness of the morning breezes, and to search for the fairest, sweetest blossoms of Eden. Wheresoever she went they seemed to do her homage. The humble violet and azure-hued anemone, lowly dwellers at the feet of lofty oaks, uplifted their pure heads as she passed them, and the climbing vines, loaded with treasures of buds and blossoms, bent down and showered upon her a wreath of fragrance and dew-drops. She turned her footsteps to the wonderful tree. It looked more beautiful than ever in its array of green and gold. As she gazed upon its beauty, the tempter approached, and with consummate skill and cunning inveighed against the goodness and justice of God in depriving them of the fruit, which would enable them to discern good and evil. Well had it been for Eve had she resolutely turned away from the tempter, but very different was her course. The Bible tells us that "when she saw that the tree was good for food, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." Thus by their disobedience they proved their ingratitude to Him who had lavished upon them the highest enjoyments, and incurred His just displeasure.

A blight fell upon all created things, the flowers drooped and died, and the birds, once so joyous, forgot to plume their wings in flight or sing in gladsome strains. The beautiful Eden was no longer to be the home of the guilty pair, but eternal banishment from the scenes of their former happiness was to be their lot. The almighty mandate went forth, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." The sun looked down upon the exiled pair with dim and feeble rays, as if betokening his sadness. Henceforth he was to see the world plunged in darkness and despair, until the Sun of Righteousness should rise and illumine the horizon with His bright beams.

Centuries rolled away, replete with interest. The deluge had swept away all the inhabitants of earth, except righteous Noah and his family. The earth had been re-peopled, but sin still held sway over the minds of men. Nations had risen and disappeared, but through all the changes of those eventful ages, the promise of a Redeemer to sinful man had not been forgotten. And now the time had come when He, the Saviour of the human race, should visit this fallen earth, and work out for man a full

redemption. So humble was His birth that the Jewish nation acknowledged Him not, for they thought that the promised Messiah would come in all the pomp and splendor of royalty; they forgot the ancient prophecy, "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." The time had come when, by a cruel death, He was to make atonement for the sins of the world. Amidst the mockery of the infatuated people, and the derision of their rulers, He was unmoved by the emotions of anger or revenge, but died with the prayer, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." At that hour "the sun was darkened and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst."

Ages have come and gone, and the same sun still pursues his daily journey, as the dispenser of light and heat. But what are the scenes he witnesses? War and carnage, ruin and bloodshed, man rising against his brother man, forgetting justice and right in the struggle for power. God grant that the sun may not rise and set many more times before the angel of peace shall spread her bright pinions over our land, and war and discord shall give place to harmony and sweet content. L.

THE NIGHT OF ADVERSITY.—In this world why should we be sad because life is not an unbroken, unclouded day of sunshine? Night has its uses; it prepares us to enjoy the choral hymn of re-waking nature; it wakes into life the bright stars, which pale before the streaking light of day.

Why should we faint and pine in the night of adversity? It brings into exercise graces which do not appear in the sunshine of prosperity. It strengthens right principles in a way that prosperity never can. It shows what we really are, which prosperity cannot do. When in heaviness for a season, there is a benevolent reason for it—a need be; it is to benefit us; it is to cure us of sin, or prepare us for some important service in the cause of religion.

What shall thaw the cold heart of the church and melt the ice-bound current of its veins, and cause the streams of beneficence to flow in all the arteries and veins of the body? The presence of the Holy Spirit kindles the flame of benevolence in the heart and before it avarice fades away like snow-flakes before the vernal sunbeams. A genuine religion has its life's blood in God's beneficence. Practical benevolence in the church is essential to the vitality and purity of religion.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

"THOU ART GOD."

THOU art God! the stricken heart may doubt Thee,
And murmur, when the rod with chastening spell
Strike down loved idols that we build without Thee,
And all seems dark, how dark no tongue can tell;
We close our eyes in our dark grief despairing,
And hide our faces, Thine we cannot see,
Forgetting Thou each aching throb art sharing,
And wildly wish to fly, great God, from Thee!

But Thou art God! the same now and forever
As Thou hast been in all the by-gone past,
And fly from Thee we cannot; who shall sever
Thy gift of life that shall forever last?
Our earthly years are but a short probation,
To heavenly years but as a single day;

What though it be a wail of lamentation
So Thou art God and shalt not pass away.

And Thou art God! the storm-cloud Thou art
guiding

Despite Thy hidings and our doubts and fears;
With love unerring through Thy sternest chiding,
With tenderest love which we forget in tears,
And when, it may be after years of blindness,
Through clouding tears Thy guiding light we see,
And feel Thine arm sustaining us in kindness,
We know that Thou art God and worship Thee

O, Thou art God! supreme, supreme forever!
Thy mandates we obey whate'er they be,
In helplessness depending on Thee ever,
And fearing, loving, clinging trust to Thee.
Whom have we else when our loved idols perish?
What arm sustains but Thine that wields the rod?
Thou, Thou the broken, contrite heart will cherish,
For Thou art God! for Thou alone art God!

M. L. B.

Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1862.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE A. F. G. SOC.

THE annual discourse in behalf of the A. F. G. Society and Home for the Friendless, will be delivered (D. V.) on Sabbath-evening, May 4th, by Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, in the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-first Street.

The Home children will occupy the galleries. The public are invited to attend.

BUSINESS MEETING.—On Wednesday, May 7th, the Society will hold its usual anniversary meeting for the transaction of business, in the Home Chapel, at 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 P. M. Exercises by the children at 3 P. M. A full attendance is desired.

"HE SHALL SAVE THE CHILDREN OF THE NEEDY."

WE find in the "Missionary"—one of our best exchanges—the following very excellent remarks relative to the "Christian estimate of the value of children." The writer assumes that children are the most important part of our race, and if this be so, and so it most certainly is, then surely all that is being done for the children of the needy, is timely and highly important.

"THAT the very highest views of the value of children are not exaggerated, becomes very apparent when we open the book of God. Consult it—ask the Old Testament what they are worth and it will tell you. They were partakers in the first covenant, and received its seal. It will open to you the pages of the law, and show its minute and rigid directions in regard to their training—it will point you to

prophecy, where it is written of Messiah that he "shall save the children of the needy," and shall "gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in His bosom." Nevertheless, in regard to childhood, as to all other things, the Old Dispensation exhibited a relative shadowyness. Not till the Saviour came, could childhood take its true place. The coming and teaching of Christ gave a new revelation in regard to it.

In no other system than Christianity has the child a present value. All others regard him with interest only as a thing of hope. In them he is to be tolerated for what he may become. In Christianity alone he is loved for what he is.

The Apostles taught in the spirit of their Lord. The early church showed in many forms, the high value it placed on children, nor did the church ever become so dark as utterly to forget it.

Among the earliest efforts of the Reformation was that of supplying the wants of children. Before completing the translation of the Bible, Luther issued two catechisms, one for children, and the other a manual for pastors in teaching the young. The other Reformers worked in the same way. The era of the Reformation was a catechetical era; a revival of effort for children.

The whole Christian Church, indeed, acknowledges the value of childhood; there is no division here. The unspeakable importance of the training of children is seen by all. Not all see that we ought to evangelize the heathen—not all see the importance of domestic missions, but there is no man who loves religion who does not see that children have an infinite value, and that we must work unceasingly to secure them for the kingdom of God.

Are we not sustained by facts, by reason, by scripture, by history, by consciousness, and by the consciences of men, in maintaining that children are the most important part of our race? Who then can estimate the value of judicious effort directing itself to the mind of the child whether in the home or in the school? All other kinds of effort to reach the human heart come at best like drops to drooping flowers. The effort to bless childhood comes like the bee which watches the first blowing of the blossom—its influence presses in, and while it turns to the highest account the pure honey of the young heart's first distillation, leaves in it a fructifying principle by which the bloom shall mold itself to glorious fruit."

THE CALL TO PRAYER AND PRAISE.

ONCE, and again, during the past year has there been a special call to prayer, not through the ordinary channels, but by the executive of the nation. Once, and again, have we, as a great people, been desired to recognize in public, and in private, the hand of God in the thrilling events that are shap-

ing our good or ill for coming ages. Most of our churches on the second Sabbath in April responded to a proclamation by the President, requesting that some form of thanksgiving, for the recent victories of our army and navy, be offered in the churches of all denominations, also special prayer for those personally afflicted or bereaved, and that wisdom and Divine guidance may be so imparted to all those in authority, that the course pursued at this solemn crisis, shall result in the speedy restoration of a righteous peace, to become universal and permanent. The mayor of our city had also issued a similar proclamation, recommending that contributions for the wounded and suffering be made in all the churches. The occasion was duly improved by pastors to lead the minds of their people to the contemplation of the Divine dealings in all the events of time. His ever-present providence in dispensing judgments and mercies, in the minutest events as well as those of vast magnitude.

The marked interposition of His hand was traced in the progress of the present struggle for national life and freedom. The duty of a grateful remembrance of His mercies in raising up so many for places of trust, adding to their fitness and efficiency, a readiness to feel and express their dependance, and conscious need of wisdom from on high. It was urged impressively, that this is

"A moral conflict with the crime
And folly of an evil time,"

and its final issue one of immense moment to our race. The occasion was one of deep interest, judging from the many solemn, tearful faces, whose silent but earnest expression seemed to indicate the tender emotions that all must feel, who have any just appreciation of passing events, and who see beyond the suffering and the anguish of the survivor and the slain, the rush into eternity from almost every field of strife.

To "comprehend the situation" and then to pray and praise and trust acceptably, requires a daily preparation of heart, that may make its possessor—who can do little else but pray—as useful to his country in the sight of God as those who lay their all upon its altar.

LIVING GRACE.

"A MAN'S life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."—Bible.

Not unfrequently is the petition offered for "dying grace," when that hour shall come that comes to all. To those who, through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage, this aspiration must well up unbid-

den. It should be remembered that dying grace is needed but once, while living grace is needed daily, to the end of life, and that if the latter is secured the former can never fail us in the last conflict.

"How can I meet and bear this anticipated trial?" "How can I endure the burdens now laid upon me?" "What shall I do if business prospects do not improve?" "How can I live if this beloved one is taken away." These, and similar inquiries, are more frequently heard even from Christian lips, than the beautiful expression of one of old, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."—HAB. 3. 17.

For the tried and afflicted believer how often has the precious assurance of our Lord, "My grace is sufficient for thee," "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," proved as an exhaustless mine of wealth. While earthly things are, at most, but the passing pageants of an hour, earthly ties frail as the gourd that may wither in a night, the soul that truly leans on Jesus and contemplates the promises, with an appropriating faith may ever "rejoice in the Lord."

The following case, which is well authenticated, is worthy to be commended to the afflicted and desponding as an example of the faith that sustains while outward circumstances are all adverse.

"There lives at this moment, in the town of New Hartford, Connecticut, in a small unpainted house by the roadside, some two miles from the village, a poor woman by the name of Chloe Lankton, bedridden with an incurable disease. For twenty-seven years she has lain in that humble apartment, unable to rise or be removed, the subject of continual bodily pain and at times so excruciating as to make her continued life almost a continued miracle. Her father, her mother, her four sisters, have successively died before her eyes, and been carried out to their long home. She has for many years been left alone in the world, with no means of support but that which occasional and unsolicited charity has sent her, and with no stated companionship but that of a common hired domestic.

Yet the grace of God has so wrought in the heart of that lone woman, that her very face is said to beam with angelic sweetness, and all who go to see her come away charmed, as if they had been to visit the abode of a princess. Young people for miles around visit her, not in the spirit of compassion, but for the pleasure they find in her companionship. The very

children troop to her abode to show her all their latest treasures, and no new dress, or doll, or knife, or kite, is thought quite complete till it has had the approval of their dearest confidant and friend. What has given this lone invalid such power to captivate and charm both old and young? Nothing but the Spirit of the living God, working in her a heavenly sweetness of character, that finds a natural expression in all lovely and beautiful ways."—*J. S. Hart.*

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION."

A BILL providing for compensated emancipation, in the District of Columbia has passed both houses of Congress, received the signature of the President, and become a law.

A step of vast importance in its bearing upon the future, has thus been taken. The voice of right and justice, after having long plead in vain, has now been heard and heeded in the right place. As one of the first fruits of the terrible discipline of the last year, this step has an impressive significance. It has not surely been taken in the interests of the powers of darkness, but of truth and righteousness. Who can doubt that the hand of God has been in it, and that His approving smile rests upon it. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." It is a great moral triumph over wrong. A few thousands, long held in bondage, oppressed, wronged, imprisoned, scourged, kept in ignorance and degradation, are henceforth to be freemen. The objects of their tenderest affection are no more to follow the condition of the slave. The letter from heaven, the book of God, given alike to all, and able to make wise unto salvation, is no more to be withheld from their hands and hearts. The marriage tie made sacred and indissoluble, by the Great Lawgiver, is no more to be severed by the caprice or selfish interests of the master. No more shall woman, within sight of legislative halls, be exposed to base outrage, because a helpless, hopeless slave, with none to whom to appeal for redress. What a baptism of suffering has secured the precious boon of freedom to those now made free! May the Divine Spirit prepare its recipients to receive and improve it as a gift direct from Heaven. Surely Christians will rejoice the world over, that our national capital is no longer to be a place of traffic in human sinews. Millions will for this "Thank God, and take courage," and pray still more fervently that in His good providence the ball of freedom may be kept moving, till in every section of our beloved country the united shout rises,

"Jehovah hath triumphed;
His people are free."

FEMALE POSTMASTERS.

"THERE are now 411 female postmasters in the United States, five of whom are Presidential appointments, at offices yielding a net income of \$1000 and upwards. Pennsylvania furnishes the largest number, 98, including three of the Presidential class. A lady postmaster is seldom, if ever, 'removed.'"

THE above statement is an item of interest, inasmuch as it shows a decided advance in public sentiment, relative to the business capacity of woman, and the propriety of assigning to her such positions as she is competent to fill. If it is true that there is "seldom, if ever," occasion found for the removal of "a lady postmaster," it is surely matter of rejoicing that the number in this department is thus increased. We have been pained to learn that benevolent societies generally—our own is not an exception—have formerly suffered serious losses by Post Office depredations, while the most vigilant watchfulness and research has not seemed to abate the evil. That an expurgation is needed somewhere to correct abuses, there can be no question, and if honest reliable men cannot be found by the department, sufficient for the entire service, our worthy President would surely deserve the thanks of the country should he appoint some competent, trustworthy woman in place of every rogue who now assorts the mail. We must not, however, seem to draw invidious comparisons, or claim for woman superior native integrity, for "As in water face answereth to face so doth the heart of man to man." If a difference exists, it is due only to grace. Taking society at large, just as we find it, an argument in favor of what grace has wrought for woman, might well be drawn from our criminal statistics and the records of the churches. The preponderance of males in the former and of females in the latter is a matter of common notoriety.

Early influences and moral restraints have done more for the one sex than the other in the aggregate, hence the greater responsibility rests upon woman in this enlightened land and age, to achieve with fidelity *all* of which she is, or may be capable, in whatever capacity she may be called to labor, in her own true sphere.

The thanks of the A. F. G. Society are specially due to their many excellent friends among postmasters, who have long rendered efficient aid in their work. They regard these as public servants in whom is no guile, and worthy of "double honor."

HOUSE COMMITTEE'S REPORT FOR MARCH.

THE ceaseless variety of incident in the Home work, makes it very exciting. Sorrowful tales are ever poured into our ears, and earnest appeals for advice and assistance awaken our every feeling of sympathy and interest. Oftentimes we shrink instinctively from a pitiful recital, and were it not for the hope of being enabled to benefit these applicants, it would indeed be impossible to hear them.

The numerous Life-members and friends of the A. F. G. Society sustain us by their generous contributions, by their kindly-spoken and their written words of commendation and encouragement; and, most of all, by their prayers, to which we receive answers of mercy daily. We asked a distant friend to become a Life-member, and help us "bear the burdens." In reply she said she could not see that it was in her power to bear any part of the burdens of the work; but we—in the Home and in the schools—realize that our hands are held up, as were those of Moses, by Aaron and Hur. Should distant friends cease their efforts, we should be greatly crippled and embarrassed; indeed the work, as it now is, would be at an end, that is, the missionary part of our work among destitute families, in so far, as we give them bedding and clothing, and thus gain a moral influence over them for good. The very large share of the articles distributed are and have been received from a distance.

We are battling against destitution and hunger and nakedness, and all the sins that often revel in the sombre paths of want and wretchedness. We are battling, too, against the many temptations that beset the young on every side, from which it has been our privilege to turn away the feet of numbers of precious ones; some indeed have been plucked as brands from the burning. We shudder to think, that despite earnest efforts, others have been overpowered by evil influences, and are lost! Many times we can in deep sincerity use the language of the poet,

"My ear is pained, my soul is sick
With every day's report of wrong
And suffering, with which earth is filled."

But the Lord is on our side, He raises up the helpers, and He gives the strength. Courage then! Let us work for His glory and the upbuilding of His kingdom—keeping ever in mind the solemn truth, that the work to be done is very great, and the time that we have to "occupy" will soon be no more.

March 5th. On entering the reception-room quite early, we found an English woman, with her daughter, twelve years old. Among the many thrilling histories of life's changes that are presented, this seemed to us among those which take the foremost place. Fourteen years since she was married to a sea-captain; after a time she came to this country; her every want was supplied, and the future seemed bright. Her husband thought himself fortunate when he obtained command of the steamship "City of

Glasgow." His wife and three children embarked with him at Philadelphia in that unfortunate vessel. Two of the ship's boats were picked up after the steamer was wrecked, one, in which was the wife and two infants, was rescued by an English packet, both of the little ones died in consequence of the exposure. The other boat was "picked up" by an American ship and brought to this port. The desolate mother found some friends in England, and for two years supposed herself to be a widow and childless. At the end of that time she took up an old New York paper, which fell in her way, and saw in it a list of the names of those saved from the boat belonging to that vessel, among which was the name of this child—the captain's little daughter. Mrs. E. made haste to come to America, and found her whom she had mourned as dead. She has struggled hard to support herself and daughter, but now her health has failed and she finds it impossible to work as she has done; she heard of this Institution, and came here for counsel and aid. The child was received temporarily.

A young American woman came, she said "to give her daughter up entirely." She knew all about the rules of the Society. The little girl is six years old, her natural protector has for the second time been imprisoned for crime, this time for ten years. The mother has an infant of eight months, which she hopes to keep, but she knows she cannot provide for them both. She seemed a courageous woman, who had so strengthened herself as to be able to maintain a stoical fortitude until she left the house.

7th. A little girl of eleven years was brought by her mother, who, three years since, was deserted by a worthless husband. She finds it impossible, any longer, to keep a home, is herself going out to service. A good home is awaiting this little girl, which comforts the poor mother as she bids farewell to her only living child.

Two poor children, a brother and sister, 'soiled and sad,' asked for something to eat, the boy a cripple, about ten years old, the girl younger; said their mother was a widow, with six children, and he the oldest. The matron satisfied their hunger and gave them some food to take home, and a manager present engaged to visit the family.

Found a young girl in the office, accompanied by her aunt, who being a widow, with five children, and poor, was unable to board her. She had paid at an intelligence-office, and was sent to a place, which she soon found was an infamous house, and she returned to her aunt. Some neighbor told them about the 'Home,' and she came to ask admittance. As the Institution is designed as a refuge and place of protection for the young when homeless and friendless, she could not be refused. We hope soon to find her a good home; she is anxious to earn money to pay her aunt what she owes her.

12th. At the door met a little girl, with an

empty basket, who said she wanted to see Mrs. Graham, the matron. Her aunt, who was sick, had sent her. On inquiry we found that the child came from one of the necessitous, worthy families, who are now being aided by the Home, one "for whom"—to use the words of a kind sister here—"the food must be ready to put in the mouth." Much is being done for the sick poor. In this field of labor there is no fear of encouraging vice, or of making paupers, and often does a grateful disciple say, "I was sick and ye visited me."

Several calls to-day from those desiring to adopt children, who had not procured the necessary testimonials. We took them to the school-rooms and about the buildings, and gave them the printed rules with reference to the subject; we were sorry to disappoint them. They spoke of going to other institutions, where perhaps they could get children, we could not give them certain information, but had to assure them that we seldom varied from these rules. A trembling, aged woman, well-known to one of our managers, was given a pair of shoes and some provisions.

A sick and sorrowful woman was sent to us by a city missionary. Four years since her husband died, leaving her with two infant boys, they are now five and six years old, and one of them is very sickly. She made out to earn enough to pay for food and rent, until she lost her health, she is now unable to do house-cleaning, at which she heretofore earned a good deal, and what should she do? It is six weeks since she was able to do a day's washing; the little she can earn with her needle she finds totally inadequate to the support of herself and children. Her church have helped her a good deal, she says, and are hoping to get her sick child re-admitted to St. Luke's Hospital, where he once remained six months. "Oh, what a blessed place that is for poor, sick children," said the sad mother, to which remark our hearts responded. Very tenderly and kindly are the suffering ones watched over in that most beneficent institution. We gave the poor woman a warm bed-cover, a nice dark gingham dress, and a package of other articles for herself and children. Could the donor of that dress have seen the recipient of this unusual favor, she would have felt that it is "blessed to give."

An interesting Englishman, whose wife died four months since, finds that he cannot now provide for his five children. His two older boys, five and seven years of age, he has concluded to part with, and from all that he has heard of the "Home ladies," feels safe in giving up these children to their care. The fine, manly appearance of these boys reminded us of a remark made to a child from Britain—just landed upon the wharf at Philadelphia—by our good and great Washington, as he laid his hand upon the fair young brow, he said, "You are a fine English boy and you will make a good American citizen." The prophecy is fulfilled in the life of one of our purest philanthropists, and most honored and respected inhabitants. May

he long live, to be, as now, a blessing to his family, to the church and to the world, greatly beloved and venerated in his dignified old age. And may these interesting lads, who have evidently enjoyed a good mother's care, become all that her fondest wishes could have desired; and may the world be found to have been wiser, better and happier, because of their having lived in it. The father handed to us the neatly-preserved certificates of their "baptism" in "Old England."

14th. As usual, many cases of interest. A large bundle of necessary articles was made up in the Dorcas-room for Mrs. M. This family have been favorably known to us, and in their affliction we felt it a great privilege to procure them some assistance. Years since their oldest son was sent to Dr. S., who needed a carriage-boy, he was twelve years old. The perfect neatness of his poor apparel at once attracted his kind employer, and very soon his mother was sought out. They had but recently removed from an eastern town, where at one time the father had accumulated quite an amount of money; then sickness came, the strong man was stricken down and laid upon his bed in helplessness many weary weeks. During his sickness debts increased, and when able to settle up and pay the various accounts, his savings were all gone. His former situation in the manufactory was now too much for his physical strength, and he was advised to seek employment in this city. Mrs. S. was most happy to find the mother of their clean "carriage-boy," a humble, earnest Christian. Laundry work was procured for her, which was done satisfactorily, and for a long time she says she took care of her family and earned eleven dollars per week. Christian effort drew the family into church and Sabbath-school, and ere long the father and eldest son were hopefully converted, professed religion, and are active, humble workers in the vineyard of our Lord. They have been enabled to live comfortably until these troublous times have left the father unemployed and the mother's work has quite failed, and worse than all, sickness has again prostrated the father, and for ten weeks he has been confined to his bed. The poor woman sought sympathy and aid from her former friends and benefactors, and has found them, as before, ready to succor the needy and to visit the sick.

The case of a sick woman was presented, who has all the winter past been under the care of a kind physician, and the family almost supported by himself and friends. The woman is suffering from chronic illness, and could she remain inactive, there is much hope of her being cured; but she must exert herself to take care of her five little children, one an infant. The father of this family is generally temperate and very kind, but he is greatly discouraged for want of work, and has one evening lately come home intoxicated. An appropriation was made to be used in buying food

for this family. Our kind donors are aware that it has been many times in our power to render some aid to kindred charities, by giving to them some of the supplies sent to us for distribution. To-day we received a letter from Mrs. Wells, of Williamsburgh, who devotes her energies to works of charity and humanity and is particularly interested for the "Home for poor colored people," a most benevolent institution. She writes:

"Allow me to express to you the pleasure of our managers at the meeting on Thursday, on the receipt of the package of clothing sent to the children in the 'Home.' You manifest an interest in our department of charity, which is very gratifying and encouraging. We thank you most sincerely for the copy of the *Advocate and Guardian*, we think it one of our most valuable papers, and frequently read from it in our maternal meetings. I am always edified and cheered to know that so much is being done by the ladies connected with the work of the Home for the Friendless, and that you have so much love for the souls and bodies of those committed to your care. Your labors, too, for that class of children who are in danger of becoming vagabonds, a curse to themselves and to community, interests me deeply. Those that have seemed to be outcasts are being educated and elevated, fitted to become a blessing to the world. You are sending light into many a dwelling by your truly Christian efforts."

Concluded in our next.

A CHILD RESCUED.

Woodbridge, N. J.

My Dear Madam,—Enclosed is six dollars, five of which I advance for the club, knowing yours as well as our other benevolent Societies are straitened by the times; and the other dollar, from Mrs. C., who said she wished to pay the full price of the *Advocate*, as she thought it one of the very best papers for the family published at the present day. And now, in contrast to the lady of Greene Co., N. Y., who received your excellent paper eight years to very little advantage. If she supposes you have turned aside from your legitimate work by advocating the cause of the oppressed bondman—nearly every member, all of whom I personally knew, at least, of that self-sacrificing, self-denying band, the founders of your noble Institution, were thoroughly imbued with anti-slavery principles notwithstanding "clerical appeals" and "pastoral letters," (we had such thirty years ago) were willing to run the hazard of having their names cast out as evil and being accused by the wise and prudent of shooting widely from their appropriate sphere of action. Some years ago, I think about 1835, a woman of kindred spirit went to St. Augustine, Florida. During a residence there of three years she became well acquainted, by personal observation, with the superlative abominations of American slavery. God having given her one of the kindest hearts, whose

every pulsation throbbed in pity, for the gross wrongs and sufferings she daily witnessed, the poor slaves felt in her they had a true friend. Great was their lamentation when it was known "Yankee Missus, going home." A few days before she left, a slave mother (but not a wife) from an adjoining plantation came and with strong cries and tears, entreated her to take her poor, abused child with her North, she exhibited to her the cruel marks she herself had received from the lash of the overseer for interceding in behalf of her poor little one. The lady told her to go back and she would see her master the next day, she went to the plantation, inquired for the quadroon girl, was told the mother was at work in the cotton field, she was then shown, by her request, the child. The overseer took her at some distance from the house, to a large pen, and there, chained to the pen, feeding with the swine, covered with filth and rags, was a little mulatto boy of about two years and a half old. He had evidently suffered from exposure and neglect, for he was but a skeleton, and looked sickly. She decided at once to rescue him from this condition, worse than death. She arranged it immediately with the master, paying him one hundred and thirty dollars, cash, and giving her note for thirty dollars. The poor mother accompanied the overseer when the child was brought, and fell on her knees and poured out her grateful acknowledgments with tears, calling down God's richest blessings upon the deliverer of her ransomed child. It was a noble deed for a poor widow, for she was not rich, (only in good works.) She brought the child home with her, always cared for his best interests, saw that he was properly educated, in a New England school, where he is now settled with a family, while his foster-mother and benefactress sweetly sleeps in Jesus, at Mount Auburn. One of her grandsons has recently been a member of your State Legislature, and is a member of your city government and will substantiate these facts, if called in question. What a contrast is the example of the lady above named to your "former subscriber" who would not give "a dollar, no, not one cent for Negro Emancipation."

Yours, in Christian love,

MARIA H. STRALE.

THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.—The sympathy of the Divine Human! He knows what strength is needed, and when the world with its thousand forms of temptation seems to whisper to us, as to Esau, "Sell me thy birthright," the other voice speaks, "Shall I barter blessedness for pleasure? the inward peace for the outward thrill? the benediction of my father, for the mess of pottage?" There are moments when we seem to tread above this earth, superior to its allurements, able to do without its kindness, firmly bracing ourselves to do our work as Christ did His. Those moments are not the outward sunshine of life. They did not come when the world would have said that all round you was glad, but it was when external trials had shaken the soul to its very centre. Then there came from Him who "suffered being tempted, grace to help in time of need."

Correspondence.

Emerald Grove, Wis.

I write in behalf of our common friend, Mrs. Sturtevant, who has been very feeble for months. She has been anxious about your excellent *Advocate and Guardian*, which has been coming to this office since the time for which it is paid has expired. She wrote soon after she was taken sick to have them stopped, as she could not, on account of sickness and the hard times, collect the money. But we have succeeded in gathering up a little and enclose seven dollars. We have had a laymen's meeting, or conference of churches at our place recently. These meetings have been very much blessed in our county, they call out a great deal of latent talent in the church, that benefits not only the laborers, but by God's blessing, brings many sinners to Christ. The sisters hold a mothers' meeting sometimes during the services. And as sister Sturtevant could not attend, she was bolstered up in bed and permitted to write a few lines to the sisters, which I enclose, as several express the wish that they might be sent to the *Advocate and Guardian*.

Yours, with much respect,

D. F. CURTIS.

A VOICE FROM A SICK ROOM.

Dear Sisters,—The responsibilities resting upon Christians and especially Christian women were never greater than at present. Our pastors and brethren have opened to us an effectual door and invited us to enter fields of labor broader and whiter than we have been accustomed to contemplate. They invite us to a baptism, into their trials and toils and sufferings, with the promise of sharing the triumph and glory when they shout the harvest home, and now, shall we refuse to enter. Look away to Calvary and view the bleeding Saviour when about to say, "It is finished," turning His eyes upon His mother, as He said, Woman, behold thy son. And to-day let those words sink deep into our hearts, not only when we look upon that babe that nestles so confidently upon the mother's bosom, or the little prattler, looking into the mother's eyes and wants to know more of God; but when we look upon the sons of our country, gone out from the soul-saving influences of home to war, upon the field of battle or amid the more dangerous moral contagion of the camp. Thousands groan within our hospitals, in view of which could we but look in upon them, our hearts would groan within us, and we should feel that if not ours, they were, some mother's sons who needed our sympathies, our counsels and our prayers. Yes, to-day, all along from the Potomac to California, they stretch forth their imploring hands for aid—such aid as can only reach them from Heaven by way of prayer. And our home duties were never so arduous, our children must be instructed, to feel and meet the dangers of the times, our pastors need to be encouraged, and

our husbands and brothers to be sustained while they watch to subdue the foes without and the foes within. The time of trial that is to try all that are on the face of the earth, may have come, "Who shall be able to stand?" But what can we do, so feeble and so helpless. "If we lack wisdom, let us ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth none," and He says, "My grace is sufficient for thee," "Hitherto have ye asked nothing" [comparatively] "in my name." If our brethren are the strong pillars in the temple of our God, yet the sisters should garnish them with wreaths of piety, of faith and prayer, "that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, that our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace." Oh, may our children become the jewels in the house of God. I wish each sister may be inspired to take a sickle in her hand, and go forth to reap the glorious harvest now ready to be gathered in. How it must affect the worldling to see us all in earnest in this great work, some reaping, some binding, some collecting the sheaves together, some threshing, and all rejoicing that when gathered into the garner, it will be in heaven.

I rejoice in the way my Heavenly Father has led me the last year. It has been rich in experience of God's goodness, a new page has been laid open to me in the great Book of Life, and though some of its lessons have been hard to learn, I have found them very profitable, and illustrated with pictures glorious and very beautiful. A greater joy and a brighter glory seems to fill my soul when I use the name of Jesus, it has been the pass-word into that city whose walls are great and high, but whose gates of pearl are open night and day. My soul has looked upon its splendor, seen its inhabitants, witnessed and felt their joy as they drank from the flowing river of life that proceeds out of the throne of God and the Lamb. Oh, I have tasted the fruits of life's evergreen tree, and gazed upon the unexplored glory of the great Father of lights, from which all this blissfulness and beauty emanates. Oh, my sisters, will you not pray that God may give you some glimpses of His glory. It will make you strong to bear the crosses of life, and secure you an entrance into heaven. These conferences of churches have been a great blessing to my soul when I could attend them. And this has been so now, though I cannot be with you, I am there in spirit, and by faith and prayer I am with you; pray for us when you leave Emerald Grove, and we shall pray for you, and so, through Heaven, we shall be blessed in each other.

Yours, in Christ,

R. STURTEVANT.

Dear Mrs. Bennett,—The letter which appeared in the *Advocate* of March 1st, entitled, "A Voice from the Aged," accords with my own sentiments entirely. As I reflect on the subject of that letter, I feel that it is both a duty and a pleasure to respond to its author. Having been, like this dear friend, a constant

reader of the *Advocate* from the commencement of its publication to the present time, I, too, am deeply interested in the promotion of every good cause with which that paper has become identified.

Surely there is no work which calls for more earnest Christian zeal than that which has for its object the liberation of the poor, oppressed slave from the house of bondage. It is true, we may have faith to believe that in the present sanguinary conflict, God will bring good out of evil, but it does not become us to be lulled into inactivity by any such assurance, for "faith without works is dead."

The time has now come, when all, who feel for the slave as bound with him, should be aroused to the great work, which demands their best endeavors. The fuel already surrounds this poisonous Upas-tree, which has so long overshadowed our beloved country. Apply the match, and we shall see the flames burst forth, which will wither it, both root and branch. Neglect to do this, and the very instruments for its destruction may cause it to flourish with renewed vigor. Let us not be content with anything short of immediate emancipation, for that alone can give us permanent tranquility. If our brothers and sisters in England could send into Parliament a petition which it took six men to carry, why may not we in America, after the lapse of one-third of a century, and after witnessing the blessings of emancipation in the British Provinces, and the direful effects of slavery in our own country—why may not we, I repeat, send before Congress a petition which will take twice as many to bear it? If we but do this, our rulers must either comply with its just demands or receive the righteous indignation of those who placed them in authority. For myself I am willing to be one of the number to circulate such a petition, and see who are willing to come up to the help of the Lord. Who else will respond to the "voice from the aged?"

Yours, most earnestly,

G.

Fair Haven, Conn., March 22d, 1862.

* * * * * In Nov. last the children connected with our church and Sabbath-school, organized themselves into a Busy Bee Society, and proposed making up a box of clothing for the Home. They have met at the house of the pastor every alternate Wednesday evening during the winter, the box we now send you, is the first fruits of their labors. The members of the Society are mostly children of ten or twelve years of age, so I trust you will make due allowance for the sewing, which (aside from what has been done on the machine) is not remarkably good. We hope the garments may afford as much pleasure to the wearers as they have given us in making them; I wish you could have looked in upon our little meetings the past winter. There were often forty children present, boys and girls, for the boys not wishing to be excluded, were admitted as members on the payment of the fee, ten cents.

At half past eight, the work was laid aside and half an hour devoted to singing. The children enjoyed their meetings highly.

As we were packing the box to-day my little nephews and nieces were crowding around it, interested spectators, when one little fellow proposed sending, to the little Home children, a marble with which he had been playing, it was the only one he had. His example was immediately followed by the other little ones, and as a consequence, you will find quite a store of marbles and two tops I believe, I do not know whether they will be of any use, but it was a great gratification to the children to be allowed to contribute their mites, and they were therefore put in.

Please acknowledge the receipt of the box, as soon as convenient.* * * *

Thanks to the dear children, each and all.—ED.

My Dear Mrs. Bennett,—I enclose for the *Advocate* an account of an incident which occurred about ten days ago, not very far from where we reside. I take as much interest in the *Advocate* as ever, indeed I think I read it with more avidity, especially those portions connected with the personal history of the Home. I am also very much pleased with the patriotic tone the paper has assumed throughout this sad war. Stranger as I am, it is impossible to resist the influence of the "atmosphere" in which one resides, and here in Massachusetts I have learned what patriotism really is; all my new friends are heart and soul for the cause, and work for the soldiers in every possible way. I have great faith in a cause that is upheld by so much prayer, such a praying army, a praying commander-in-chief, praying mothers, wives and sisters, praying soldiers. What a spectacle to the unseen witnesses! never since the days of Cromwell has such a praying army been seen. The Lord is making all things work together for good, and in His own good time will evolve order out of confusion.

Remember me with much affection to Mrs. H., Mrs. A. and the many dear friends I enumerate amongst the members of your Board, and ever believe me,

Faithfully and affectionately, yours,

E. I. NEWBERRY.

Savin Hill, April 1st, 1862.

Dorrit, 1862.

DIED, in Manchester, Vt., April 11, 1861, of heart-disease, Rachel, widow of Elias Richardson, aged 80 years and 24 days. She gave her heart to God and united with the Congregational Church, under the preaching of Father Haynes, in the year 1820. Her last illness was protracted about eight months, and at times her sufferings were very severe, but she endured them with Christian fortitude. She was the mother of seven children, who survive and deeply mourn her loss. She was an affectionate mother, a kind friend and neighbor and a warm friend of the Home; the *Advocate* she always

hailed as a welcome visitor, having been a subscriber and reader from the commencement of the same. The No. for April 1st was the last paper she read. She breathed her last on Thursday, with five children around her chair, she had often been bowed down with sorrow, but God lifted her up. Her loss is deeply felt by her children, friends and acquaintances; even now when she is cold in the embrace of death, there comes a cheering response from the tomb, "All is well, Jesus is precious." She is not dead, but sleepeth. Her funeral-sermon was preached at her home, according to her request, by Rev. J. Anderson, from Psalm 73. 24. May we meet her in heaven.

M. and E. BARTLETT.

Brattleboro.

ENCLOSED you will find \$5.00; one dollar is a donation from a subscriber, the other four for the *Advocate and Guardian*. I hope to be able to send you the remainder that is due soon, and that there will be no diminution of numbers. I shall endeavor to attend to it as soon as possible.

Respectfully,

S. A. SMILEY.

P. S. If any of your subscribers here decline a renewal, I do not think their consciences will be the trouble, for one, I hope you will never cease to unmask the monster slavery, till its hideous aspect cause all to thrust it from them, as hastily as Pharaoh the Israelites.

Walton, March 22d, 1862.

Dear Madam,—Permit me, through the medium of your much-esteemed journal, to acknowledge my heartfelt gratitude to the ladies and friends of the A. F. G. Society of Walton, in making me a life-member of your Society, and the reception of a certificate of the same.

Truly, Yours,

(Mrs.) H. G. ST. JOHN.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Extracts from a letter just received from a soldier who was formerly a member of my Class.

Dear Sister,—Very near to my heart lies the memory of those who were instrumental in leading my youthful feet to a closer walk with our dear Saviour. The Bible-class, the teachers' meeting, the Sabbath-school, and especially the class taught by yourself, are among the brightest recollections of my life. I now enjoy myself quite well. For a long time I felt keenly the loss of Christian society. Often, with a sad and lonely heart, did I sit down with my Testament and seek in it that companionship which I failed to find in those around me. Then did Heaven light up my soul with a purer joy than earth can give. Then I thought how blessed to have one Friend that is ever near, one who has been tried in all points as we are, and knows how to succor those who put their trust in Him. Still I desired Chris-

tian companionship, some to whom I could tell my joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, and find a response; some with whom I could meet, to worship God, and feel that His presence filled the place. All this has God granted. Twice a week we have a prayer-meeting and once a meeting to study the Scriptures. When our company became better acquainted with each other, we found there were a few who loved the Saviour and some others who felt some interest in the salvation of their souls. We were finally united by the assistance of a worthy citizen-friend in a Bible-class, and soon after still more firmly united in a prayer-meeting which was blessed in its first commencement with the conversion of one, who a little while before had been sunk deep in the mire of sin. He has since made rapid progress in the Christian race and bids fair to hold out faithful.

MISSION OF A DOLLAR.

Dear Sisters at the Home,—You will please excuse my seeming negligence in regard to the pay for those papers, but it has not been my fault. All cry hard times, and much has been done for the soldiers. They claim our deep sympathy, but I think the little helpless ones ought to share with them; both need sympathy and care from each and all. I thought I would give you the history of one dollar that ventured out on a mission three years ago this winter. My brother sent a dollar to your office requesting you to send the *Advocate* to me. Its semi-monthly visits were very cheering to us, an invalid mother and myself read them with delight. Dear mother, although feeble, could scarcely lay the paper down until she had finished the whole, or become so weary that she was compelled to give it up until rested.

She would say I could find no place to stop in reading the Visiting Committee's and Home report. Often did she wish she could step in and see your nurseries or "the darling babes," as she called them, but my dear mother has gone home to heaven. She died in the triumphs of faith; "All ready, only waiting to go home," were her last words. You will pardon this digression, I never weary of thinking, talking, or writing of my sainted mother. Well, the effect of that dollar has been, to carry the paper into twenty-one different families, and about twenty besides those that took the paper were made acquainted with the wants of the Society, and contributed to the filling of two boxes of clothing, bedding, a few articles of provision and some money. Now is not this worth the sending out a dollar. Is it not good interest? Perhaps some one else has a sister or a friend that by laying out a dollar to send the paper to them might produce, perchance, far greater results. I would try the experiment if the means were at hand, as it is, will do what I can.

Yours, in the bonds of Christian love,

O. B. WHITE.

MOONLIGHT MISSION FOR THE RESTORATION OF FALLEN WOMEN.—Now that the plea of the fallen in our great City is occupying the attention of philanthropists, in the hope of establishing a refuge where they may receive kindly aid and sympathy, such a gathering as took place last evening in the chapel of the Fifth-avenue Baptist Church must be looked upon as ominous of success. Rev. Dr. BONHAM, who has but recently been nearly associated with the benevolent missions of England, related facts of the highest interest in connection with the Moonlight Mission of London. It appears that, although a portion of the London Press, led on by slanders of the *Saturday Review*, opposed its establishment, the friends and sacrificing workers in its behalf have thus far held 19 successful meetings, attended by 4,000 outcasts; 89 of these have been returned to their families, who previously rejected them; 75 are now engaged in honorable occupations. In Glasgow, Dundee, and other parts of Great Britain, a similar effort is making, with the encouragement and support of the mother Association in London. Fifty-six unfortunates have been reclaimed in Glasgow, and 40 in Dundee. Three thousand one hundred and eighty have in various ways been reached with perceptible advantage, and the scenes in the meetings are of the most touching description. Conscience is awakened, in many cases with overwhelming effect, and penitent exclamations and sobs not unfrequently prevent the speaker from being heard. A collection was made for the furtherance of similar objects in our own City, and the interest which is culminating in this matter will receive new impetus.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

OF DONATIONS TO THE
HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,
From Mar. 25th to Apr. 10th, 1862.

HOME.

Vt. —A subscriber in Brattleboro.....	1 00
Mrs W. Brigham, Essex, \$1, Miss H. Reed, Jericho, 71c, freight.....	1 71
N.H. —Friends in Wilton, per M. Baker.....	10 00
Mass. —Ladies of the 2d Cong. Ch., Ashfield ft....	2 00
Mrs M. E. Crocker, Lawrence.....	50
Conn. —A Friend, per A. Weeden, Griswold.....	1 00
Plantville Industrial Society, per Mrs E. G., ft....	1 20
Mrs C. H. Hawley, Bethel.....	1 00
W. F. Dominick, Greenwich.....	3 00
Mrs Parkerson, New Haven.....	35
Mrs A. Benedict, Waterbury.....	10 00
N. Y. —A few subscribers in Cross River, per Mrs L. B. Todd.....	2 00
A Friend in Jamestown.....	2 00
A Friend, Upper Aquebogue.....	1 00
A Friend in Croton.....	2 00
From Mary, Schuyler's Falls.....	2 00
Mrs R. W. Brown, Brookfield.....	1 00
Mrs J. and Miss T. Pollok, each 25c, Mrs L. Richard, Mrs J. Klock, Miss M. Austin, Miss L. Genter, Miss A. Zimmerman, 25c each, Hattie Rachel, Birdena, Johnnie and Ernest 25c each, Willie 15c, Alice 14c, Amelia Herbert and James 13c each, Etta 12c, Charlie, Livingston, Cuyler, Nellie, Margie, Julia, Willie, Winnie Felton, David, Ellen and Kittie 10c each, Catharine 5c, Coll. by Miss T. Pollok, Fort Plain.....	5 00
Female Guardian Society, Springfield.....	3 50
Mrs C. M. Howes, Penn Yan.....	2 00
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Mrs Betsey Woodworth, ("a widow's mite,") Newfield.....	2 00
Mrs E. B. Galusha, Perry.....	2 00
Mrs Williams, Cooperstown.....	50
N. Y. City. —Mrs W. A. Hallock.....	1 00
Susie, Anne, George and Alfred, \$1, their grand-ma, 50c.....	1 50
Mr Peter Vredenburg, per Miss M. Simonson.....	3 00
Mr R. Brown and Mr J. Ingram, \$3 each, Mr Wm Peyton, \$5, per Mrs A. Lord.....	11 00
Mrs W. A. White, per Mrs E. Starr.....	5 00
N. J. —Miss M. Simonson, Newark.....	15 00

Pa. —From "little Albert and Zunie in heaven," 38c & 10c, Ellen, 35c, Bella 25c, Julia 20c, per Mrs M. Porter, Bradford.....	1 38
Mrs Pettes, Fairview.....	2 20
Lucy R. Seely and Lucy N. Richards, Union Mills	5 00
George Pratt, Nicholson.....	3 00
Mich. —A. L. C., Hillsdale.....	1 00
Miss Hattie Craft, Grass Lake.....	38
M. Kelley, Raisin and M. S. Galloway, Adrian, 50c R. Spaul 38c, Adrian.....	1 38
Ill. —J. Gibbons, Udina.....	1 00
Wis. —Eva and Willie, 25c each, River Falls.....	50
Mrs A. M. Felt, Green Bay.....	3 65
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Iowa. —A Friend, Redman.....	1 00
Mrs R. D. Stephens, Marion.....	1 00

WIDOWS' FUND.

Conn. —Mrs Ryan, Waterbury.....	3 00
N. Y. City. —Mrs J. W. Baker.....	2 00
Ohio. —Mrs Nathan Palmer, Napoleon.....	1 00
Iowa. —M. Shrina, Salem.....	50

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

N. Y. City. —Mrs Ann Morss, per Mrs R. M. Buchanan.....	5 00
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LIFE MEMBERS.

N. Y. —Ladies of Vernon, which with previous payment, constitutes in part Mrs (Rev.) Saml. Culver a L. M.....	2 50
Ladies of Meriden, full payment on L. M. of their pastor's wife, Mrs Mary W. Goss.....	8 50
Mr Jonathan R. Lee, first payment on L. M. for his wife, Mrs Lucy Lee, Sheriden.....	10 00
N. Y. City. —Hon. Lucius Robinson, Secretary of State, in part to constitute his daughters, Misses Nellie and Aurelia, L. M.'s, \$10 each, per Mrs A. Lord.....	20 00
Mrs A. Lord, N. Y. City, in part to const. Mrs Abby Anderson, Philadelphia a L. M.....	10 00
N. J. —Mrs T. D. Titsworth to apply on L. M. New Market.....	3 00
Miss A. Davidson, Newark, to apply on L. M.....	5 00
Ohio. —Mrs Susan B. Mackey of Marietta, 2d payment on L. M.....	10 00
Ill. —Mrs H. K. Bartlett, Elgin, to const. her daughter, Miss Anna Bartlett a L. M.....	20 00
Kansas. —Caroline E. Williams, Leavenworth, \$10, which with previous payments constitutes Mrs K. B. wife of Rev. R. D. Parker, Wyandott, a L. M.....	10 00
S. Is. —Mrs Nancy B. Dryer, part payt. to const. Mrs S. C. Dimond a L. M., Honolulu.....	10 00

Clothing and Provisions.

Rec'd from Mar. 25th to Apr. 10th, 1862.

Vt. —Charlotte, a sack of quilts and clothing from the Ladies' Sewing Society, also 1 pr. woolen stockings from Mrs Seymour, Williston.....	
Mass. —Ashfield, a barrel of clothing, a quilt and pincushions from the ladies of the 2d Cong. Ch.....	
R. I. —Westerly, a box of clothing from Mrs N. Nash and Mrs W. Nash, Watch Hill.....	
Conn. —Winthrop, a parcel of clothing from Mrs C. Rice. West Hartford, a barrel of quilts and clothing from the West St. Bee Hive, per Mrs Augusta H. Selden, also 1 suit of clothes from Robbie Seeley of Farmington and 1 comfortable from Mrs Dea. Ramsey.....	
N. Y. —Middletown, a package of clothing from the F. G. Society, per Mrs Lemon.....	
Groton City and Cortland Village, a package of clothing from the ladies.....	
Springfield, a box of quilts, clothing and provisions from the F. G. Society.....	
Greenport, a package of clothing from Miss Jennie Skinner. Clymer, a box of clothing from Mrs Rathbone, Mrs Terry and other ladies, also a package of books and papers from Laura and Charlie Rathbone.....	
Sherman, a barrel of clothing, pork and beans from Mrs Edwin Hungerford, Mrs A. Giddings, Mrs Henry Giddings and Miss Anna Northrop from District No. 1, Sherman.....	
Rochester, a worsted sack from Mrs Barnes. Andover, a box of clothing from friends. Bangor, a quilt piece by little Mary Rider and the girls in the School District, and quilted by old Mrs Rider. South Perinton, a barrel of quilts and clothing from the Soldier's Aid Society, to be distributed among the families of volunteers.....	
N. Y. City. —100 Messina oranges from Mr. W. H. H. Moore.....	

A package of clothing from Mrs M. Conkey.
Package of old School Books from Barnes & Co., John St., per Mrs E. Starr.
Large meat dish, 2 vegetable dishes and 1 doz. plates, from O. Cheeseman, 145 Duane St. do.
Iowa.—Salem, Fancy articles for Salesroom from Mrs M. Shriner.
Unknown.—A package containing 8 prs pants and jackets.

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ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXVII.

THE ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN is the organ of the American Female Guardian Society, and *Home for the Friendless*, and is published under the supervision of a Committee, selected from its Officers. It is issued on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has a circulation of forty thousand.

The object of the Paper is to aid parents in the discharge of parental obligations, to guard the young from the snares that often lie concealed in life's pathway—to befriend the friendless—to protect and guard the neglected children of our cities, and train them to virtue and usefulness—in a word, to advocate "whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report." The avails of the paper, after meeting its current expenses, are devoted solely to objects of benevolence.

TERMS:—\$1 per annum, in advance; \$5 for ten copies enclosed in one wrapper, and sent to one address; and at the same rate for any additional number.

Aims of the Am. Female Guardian Soc.

1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pit-falls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

Wants.—The Home has been established fourteen years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 10,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses.

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A regular meeting is held every Friday, at 10 A. M. in the Home Committee Room for the purpose of preparing work for the Industrial Schools. Ladies friendly to the effort are invited to attend.

WE would respectfully request our correspondents to have all letters, containing money, registered, when it is impossible to procure drafts.

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The next meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Female Guardian Society will be held at the Home, 32 East 30th Street, on Wednesday, April 30, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Members of the Board and friends of the Society, are invited to attend without further notice.

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MINISTERS, who occasionally present to their people the claims of the Society, can receive the paper free of charge. We shall be glad to hear from all those now receiving it, as the list is being revised.

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ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

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Letters designed for the Board or Executive Committee, and Reports of Auxiliaries, address Corresponding Secretaries, A. F. G. Soc. 29 E. 29th St. New York. Box 4740.

Letters concerning the *Advocate and Guardian*, and those containing funds for the Society, should be addressed

MRS. SARAH A. STONE,

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The only safe way of transmitting funds, is by draft, payable to Mrs. Sarah A. Stone, Treasurer.

[No. 645. May 1, 1862.]